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SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1905.

A Man's Life—And \$1,100.

Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Friday granted a reprieve until August 25 to Johann Hogg, accused and convicted of having committed murder under peculiarly revolting circumstances. The purpose of this action was that the convict might appeal his case to the higher court for the adjudication there of certain alleged irregularities in the trial court.

With this, maybe, no one can quarrel. Our law permits these delays even though, oftentimes, they thwart justice. The nature of this man's offenses ought not to affect or in any wise limit his right to a fair hearing, and this appeal has the form, at least, of safeguarding the fairness of his hearing. But there is one aspect of this appeal which must slap Americans in the face. It is that this man—fairly or unfairly convicted—must have been hanged Friday unless \$1,100 was raised in his behalf. His life, and, apparently, any other man's life under similar circumstances, depended not on justice, or right, or clemency, but on money.

Surely this is all wrong. Disregarding lesser causes, there ought to be no possibility that an American citizen may lose his life at the hand of the law because he lacks money. It is an awful thing to hang any man; it is a more awful thing that any man should be hanged; and the mere possibility that these dreadful happenings may depend on money is horrible. If justice requires that an appeal be taken, indeed if the law permits an appeal to be taken, no court should allow any prisoner who stands at its bar for judgment to suffer the loss of that appeal because he has less money than the last prisoner arraigned there for the same offense, or extend to him the special advantage of that appeal because he has more than the last prisoner so arraigned. In a court of justice that would be monstrous.

The answer to this will be that the appellant must pay certain costly fees; that he must print the record of his trial; that his attorney must be paid; that appeals are too frequent anyway without having the State increase them by lessening their cost. The real answer is that fees and printing are mighty small items to weigh against the life of a citizen of the United States; and that if appeals are to be lessened they must be lessened according to broad and impartial principles of the law, and not according to the size of the prisoner's pocketbook.

No American has any sympathy for the offenses of which this man Hogg stands convicted. But every American must rejoice that a lack of money did not deprive him from the advantage before the courts which another citizen with \$1,100 might have obtained.

Practical and Promising.

For the first time since the inception of the movement there is a prospect of success for the civil service employees' retirement scheme. The old association has diligently collected practical information that Congress shall not lack for specifications. Experimental bills are being drafted that the association may choose the best and submit it to Congress at its next session. And the movement has obtained such momentum that in one department alone there are now about 3,000 members.

The organization of this subordinate body is a remarkable sign of interest. It is limited to clerks in the Treasury Department. Its president is a chief of division. It has enlisted in the work of drafting its tentative legislation the services of its most experienced members, particularly the law clerks of the department. With all this already done, it is going on in a spirit of earnest industry that promises results.

Another augury of success is to be found in the flat-footed stand of the clerks that they do not ask aid from the Government. All they want is "that the Government shall provide for the retirement of supernumerated and incapacitated clerks by a system of assessments on the salaries paid the whole body of clerks and serve as banker to care for the fund raised through those assessments and disburse it. They have no idea of being retired as officers of the army and navy are retired. What they ask is simply the chance to pay for their own retirement.

To that practical and moderate end, then, they are diligently making ready for the next session of Congress. It would seem that Congress cannot fail to be impressed. But the clerks will make much more nearly sure of that result if the other departments follow the lead of the

Treasury. Eight similar branches of proportionate membership would do more to bring the legislative doubters into line than whole volumes of argument.

In this connection every clerk who is interested can serve the movement valuably. Some of them have hesitated because year after year has passed and nothing tangible seems to have been accomplished. Let that be as it may. The movement is now eminently practical and businesslike. This Treasury branch association proves it.

On the Eve of Peace.

On the eve of the opening of the peace negotiations which will in all probability conclude the great war in the East, a review of the situation presents an interesting study. Japan has not lost a battle and Russia has not won one. All other sieges of history pale into commonplaceness compared with the siege by which the men of Nippon reduced the stronghold of Port Arthur. No other naval battle, at least since Trafalgar, has ended in so complete or so significant a victory as that off Tsushima island. No battle of modern or ancient times has involved such tremendous forces as that at Mukden. All these historic struggles have been Japanese victories.

Japan went to war to secure her predominance in Korea and to drive Russia from Manchuria. She has done both. In addition, she has annexed the important island of Sakhalin—far more important to Japan than to Russia; has landed her armies in Russian territory about Vladivostok; has seized up the czar's last army of the East above Mukden so that it is confidently believed a failure of peace negotiations would result in his overwhelming defeat; and is ready to lay siege to the last Russian fortress in the Far East.

This is not all. She has prospered on war while Russia has fallen into pitiful decadence. She has strengthened her credit while Russia's has been ruined. She is able to borrow, after a year and a half of terrific struggle, more money, and on better terms, than she would have dared to ask at the outset.

Japan is patriotic, enthusiastic, united, determined. Russia is torn with internal strife, broken under the load of disaster, harrowed by poverty and distress, tax-ridden, and on the verge of revolution. Japan is already extending her industries and her commerce into the new dependencies that the war has brought to her; Russia is miserably urging that she ought not to be forced to give up the territory that she but recently stole, and that she cannot sacrifice her prestige—save the mark!—by paying indemnity.

This is the situation the two powers face as they enter upon their peace negotiations. It is a situation from which Russia can hardly escape except on the terms Japan shall name.

One More Birthright Lost.

There have been sundry evidences lately that the citizen of the District of Columbia is denied some of the fundamental, traditional, and highly privileged rights of the real American citizen. Without voicing any protest against classifying the residents of the Nation's Capital with Indians, Filipinos, aliens, and idiots, it may not be amiss to allude to this progressing tendency to lop off our liberties.

For so long a space that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been one of the birthrights of the American citizen to have his property in his wife's name if it seemed to suit his temporary or permanent financial convenience. This simple arrangement has enabled many a frugal and enterprising alderman, legislator, or official to keep the wolf from the door by having his better half conduct a profitable business with the public. Even Mrs. Senator Sorghum has been reputed occasionally to take a flier in sugar when a tariff bill was pending. And why not, to be sure!

But recently there has been tendency toward illiberal criticism of this practice. Because the wives of a number of influential employees of the Government chanced to own stock in a manufacturing company which secured a big contract through the influence of their husbands, a most remarkable uproar was raised. For no better reason than that they were thus blessed with capable wives, various gentlemen of station were subjected to the humiliation of answering before a Presidential commission impertinent questions about their own and their wives' property. And yesterday an eminent scientist in the Government service was driven to resignation following publication of the fact that his wife owned stock in a corporation to which he had done favors.

These excesses seem to demand consideration. How would the public servants of Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee enjoy living under an autocracy which forbade them to have property in their wives' names when that seemed the only way to have it and keep out of jail?

Enforcement of such regulations would in time make it impossible for men to be councilmen, legislators, or Government employees except on the assumption that they should live on

their salaries. Yet this is the un-American and preposterous position that the powers are fast assuming toward the downtrodden citizenship of the District of Columbia.

One Monopoly Broken.

The success of the Midvale Steel Company in producing armor plates that have not only passed the Government test, but passed it with flying colors, is occasion for congratulation both to friends of the navy and to people who are willing to see a few punctures put into the protection of the Steel trust. The Carnegie and Bethlehem companies—of the trust—have monopolized this business, possessing, through the use of the Krupp and Harvey processes, on which they have required the Government to pay royalties, the exclusive secret of making armor plate in this country. They have charged the Government, according to the latest series of bids, \$420 per ton for class A, and \$400 for classes B and C, in addition to the royalty of \$33.20 for class A, and \$11.20 for classes B and C.

All this for steel ingots that might be worth \$40 to \$50 per ton before the mysterious face-hardening process was applied. It is supposed that the profits of this armor manufacture have been immense. The Government since 1887 has bought or contracted for nearly \$30,000,000 worth of armor plates.

The Midvale company's process is a secret. Whether it has learned the Harvey and Krupp methods, or developed a new one, is not known as yet. It is stated by Navy Department authorities, however, that the test of Midvale plates last week, under more stringent regulations than were ever before imposed, was most successful. In fact, it is broadly intimated that Midvale plates, which are about \$50 per ton cheaper, are also better than those of the trust concerns.

There is a threat that the trust will undertake to stop the Midvale process by prosecution for infringement, but the Midvale people have built a great plant and show no concern whatever. They are prepared to turn out great orders for plates promptly, and it is expected, now that real competition is inaugurated, that both sides will begin real competition, and that prices will take a long-distance tumble.

The Manila lid is already beginning to settle meekly into its proper place.

Chicago is getting good with an earnestness and enthusiasm that forcibly recall recent efforts of Philadelphia in the same line.

Speaker Cannon may yet have to revise his ideas about revision.

As soon as the reformers of Virginia and Georgia conclude the series of fistic carnivals in their respective States, they should arrange an interstate tournament.

Any thoroughly qualified Pennsylvania boss who is out of a situation just at present may be able to secure an engagement by appealing to the State of Oregon, which is in need of one.

A State which sends its political bosses to jail with the unfeeling abandon that is affected in Oregon, deserves to be forced into the humiliating position of having no boss at all.

These Japanese are not such bad financiers. When they were borrowing money they explained that the war was costing half a million dollars a day. Now that they are preparing their bill of expenses for Russia to pay, they report that it is costing a million.

It is now alleged that the people of Mars have their entire plant under irrigation, which will doubtless afford a strong argument to semi-arid Congressmen for increasing our appropriation for the same purpose.

It is just a little too early in the season for that new coal monopoly to make much impression, but three months hence it will be easy to find editorials about it.

Of course, if you don't think either John Hay, or Dr. Dowling, or William Dean Howells, or any of the others who have been mentioned, wrote it, you can start reading it today in The Times and formulate a theory of your own.

Meanwhile, let us unite in hoping that the honorable American visitors will not pour oil on the unworthy chrysantheums and eat them as a salad course.

Virtue is its own reward. The story of a trainload of temperance convention delegates being wrecked in Michigan and one hundred killed, proved untrue, but as likely as not, if they had been going to a liquor dealers' convention it would have received confirmation.

Talk about diplomacy, Secretary Taft toasted the Japanese army before a Tokyo audience without ever referring to the present war.

Colonel Mann, editor of Town Topics, it appears, was a real colonel, earning the rank in the civil war by actual fighting. Now that he has Jerome after him, he would do well to brush up his tactics.

In the go-as-you-please competition between the two busiest men in the world, the Kaiser is now a nose and an eyelash to the good of the President and going in great form.

And Mr. Haynes can't even retaliate by starting receivership proceedings against the Equitable. There are so many on hand already that one more or less wouldn't be worth while.

In looking for the weak spots in his new Secretary Bonaparte has a theory that it will be better for him to discover them now than for an enemy to make the original discovery some day during a war.

Taking note of what happened to his Senatorial colleague from Oregon, the other day, Senator Clark of Montana has sat up to explain for the first time how innocent he is in connection with the land fraud cases that have recently reached the Supreme Court against him.

WORK, WORK, WORK CORTELYOU'S RULE

Chronic Insomnia Prevails at His Department.

LATE HOURS ARE IN VOGUE

New Postmaster General Getting Results, But Subordinates Are Not Very Enthusiastic.

There's something doing at the Post-office Department. To be accurate, there are more things and more people doing there than for a long time past.

Postmaster General Cortelyou is living up to his reputation for working hard, and what is esteemed by his subordinates much more to the point, he is making them live up to it.

Everybody knows that the Postmaster General is a fiend for work. That has been established by long years of unbroken devotion to whatever task was set before him. Whether as a stenographer, a private secretary, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, chairman of the national committee, or Postmaster General, he has always managed to find an excuse for doing about as much work as he could. His motto is, "I will do it." His genius for stretching the twenty-four hours of each successive day so as to squeeze more result out of them is so well known as not to need elucidation. But nevertheless, folks at the Postoffice Department have learned a good many new things about his methods lately.

When Mr. Cortelyou assumed the Postoffice portfolio it was with his usual determination to do a good job. There had been a deal of scandal and inquiry and misgivings about the late chief decided that he would go to the bottom of everything.

Long Way to the Bottom.

It's a very long way to the bottom of things in Uncle Sam's service, as Mr. Cortelyou soon discovered. A Postmaster General has his choice of methods of doing his work. If he likes, he is able to make his situation an antique mahogany snap with modern upholstery, and then again, he may choose to work in it to make a section hand feel ashamed to take a vacation.

Mr. Cortelyou started about it on the section-hand plan, and the other people in the department presently began to think they were the horses. Instead of putting his signature in the appropriate blank space which had been thoughtfully arranged for it by a provident Public Printer, Mr. Cortelyou set about investigating the genesis and derivation of every document that came to his table. He also manifested remarkable curiosity about the people having access to the department. He didn't sign or approve anything till he knew all about it, and the business of learning about it always took more time than signing the name.

Went Back to Returns.

Nobody's initials looked good to the new Postmaster General. He went back to the returns on everything. When he didn't have time enough in working hours to do it all, he turned other hours into working hours. He got to working through the lunch hour, and then to working awhile in the evening. This evening stunt was so satisfactory that he was presently slaving at his desk till 11 and 12 o'clock at night.

All of which might have been set down by the department folks as evidence of a curious but harmless eccentricity, had not the fashion presently become contagious. The Postmaster General couldn't work effectively without his secretaries, clerks and stenographers; so these were put on extra work rations.

The Assistant Postmasters General gradually found themselves being drawn into the vortex of industry, till presently they were all working day and night. Sundays seemed too good to be wasted, so parts of the sacred days of rest and seaside excursions were absorbed by the devouring demon of labor. The assistants, of course, like their chief, couldn't work without their perquisites of working hours. He got to working through the lunch hour, and then to working awhile in the evening. This evening stunt was so satisfactory that he was presently slaving at his desk till 11 and 12 o'clock at night.

At first it was accepted with such good nature as might be, on the assumption that it was just a manifestation of the new broom's traditional disposition to sweep clean. But as weeks went by and the most of his subordinates came on, and electric fans became a mockery and a delusion, and the call of the wild was upon the forces, the thing became serious. Clerks and chiefs and subordinate executives wondered if anybody was to escape the conflagration of work, work, work.

They are still working. The great doctors are still afoot, and those who have been looking up the record of the Postmaster General's admirably arduous life there will be an end to it all. And just suppose such a devastating epidemic should strike all the other departments?

It Getting Results.

Meanwhile Mr. Cortelyou is getting results, and the more he gets the more he seems to want. It is alleged that he has a notion of putting the postal deficit out of business. Systematization of business, shutting off of leaks, close inspection of contracts, and salary lists—these and the myriad of other opportunities for economy are all being taken up. There is a hint, but the plan will succeed if the present Postmaster. But if he does there will be walling and gnashing of teeth in his department. Just because he has a preference for working over sleeping is not a good reason why he should undertake to inflict chronic insomnia on the entire postal establishment.

A LATER DESDEMONA.

Scorped the springs of Rosamond; Somehow contrived to get to bed. The lure of Nell, and nimbly shunned The net of Corday.

From Mabel I made shift to fly.

And timorously did fortify When Philippa came out.

Use breeds a habit, says the bard—

Against the charms of love—

I've steeled a heart, already hard,

With flattering success.

And yet the less I yield, the more

Her smiles are on me cast;

I think that she must love me for

The dangers I have passed.

—FUCK.

Revolution in Russia in The Far, Dim Distance

Real Uprising, Such as Convulsed France, Not Likely to Occur in This or the Next Generation.

NEW YORK, July 29.—"The Russian revolution, gentlemen, and may we all have it!"

I suggest that as a suitable toast for any assembly of sanguine sexagenarians. For those who live to see the Russian revolution will live a long, long time.

Russia is difficult country to prophesy about for just the same reason that it is difficult to forecast a day ahead the actions of a man who does not know what he wants to do. Moreover, it is immaterial to prophesy except about horses. About the doings of talking animals it is more virtuous and prudent to be silent. I bet against the Russian revolution, and if that tremendous and fascinating personality, the "principal operator," whose recorded exploits amid the shouts and trappings of Tattersall's are followed with admiring interest in remote corners of the earth, is to be anything but a mediocre beast, on the light side as regards bone, backward in his preparation and a non-trier.

What Revolution Means.

It is necessary, of course, to know exactly what is meant by "revolution." Vague general terms are well enough for the loose practices of prophecy, but for a question that has climbed to the high plane of a wager exact definition of terms and conditions are necessary. For a theorist expounding the probabilities of the next big race it is proper to be a little mysterious and "pin his faith" to the "upstanding son of Fryingpan" or to talk of seeing the popular lemon and vanilla jacket once more triumphantly

But when the principal operator comes into the argument with his methods of expression the horse he fancies is spoken of very definitely as "Pancake." And no doubt he will be careful to have it clearly understood what is meant by "revolution" before he begins to make his investment, for revolution is far too loose a term for serious wagering. It would cause wrangling as to its interpretation, repudiation of responsibility and all the trouble and ill-feelings incidental to a reference to the committee of Tattersall's.

General Breakdown.

For example, a bad loser who had bet on a revolution taking place in Russia might easily argue that a revolution is already occurring, if, indeed, it has not already occurred; the Russian system has broken down; general discontent has expressed itself in a sort of passive resistance to administrative authority. The people having ceased to give willing obedience, the government had practically ceased to govern.

Reformers are to contend that a nation in such a condition is in a state of revolution. I should not pay out for such a revolution. Also, that a nation in such a condition is in a state of revolution. I should not pay out for such a revolution.

When the People Rise.

The revolution I mean is the full-blooded French article—a national movement, not a family affair. When the people of Russia rise in over-

NELSON RELICS IN AUCTION MART

The Official Report of England's Greatest Naval Hero in Private Hands.

LONDON, July 29.—The coming century of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson has flooded the auction mart with Nelson relics.

How is it that Nelson documents are not in official keeping?

This is a question asked by a barrister in the Army and Navy Gazette. He points out that since April nearly 500 Nelson letters and documents have found their way to the salesrooms, and that on Saturday next Messrs. Sotheby will offer Admiral Collingwood's first official dispatch of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.

"How comes it," he asks, "that this important official paper has strayed from the hands of the admiralty archives? Surely its proper place in this year of grace 1905, should be safe in Whitehall, and not the rostrum of an eminent literary auctioneer. If it was once the undisputed property of the government, as it apparently must have been, the misadventure of the person who first abstracted it can hardly vest it in its present owner."

It is pointed out that, as prescription does not run against the crown, such official documents could still be secured for the nation by the law officers of the crown.

CAPT. BURGDORFF, U. S. N., DIES AT NAVAL HOSPITAL.

A telegram was received at the Navy Department yesterday from Rear Admiral Ludlow, retired, governor of the Soldiers' Home at Philadelphia, saying that Capt. Theodore F. Burdgorff, U. S. N., retired, died in the Naval Hospital at that place from a complication of diseases.

Burdgorff entered the navy from New Jersey in October, 1873, and his entire service was in the engineering department. Recently he had been on inspection duty under the bureau of steam engineering. He reached the grade of commander in September, 1894, and was retired in June in the advanced grade of captain.

TOO OLD AND TOO YOUNG.

"If I were younger," said the rich old man, "I believe I might win you for my wife."
"Yes," replied the old beauty, dreamily, "fifteen years older."—Philadelphia Press.

whelming might to sweep away the system and to trample on the fragments of the broken machine. That will be a real revolution. But they will live long who live to see it.

The trouble is that the Russian official, indolent and incompetent as for the most part he may be, is a model of energy and high-minded devotion to duty compared with the Russian revolutionist. The number of people in Russia who desire an improvement in the system of government is rather larger even than is generally suspected. It comprises the entire population, and includes the czar, most of the grand dukes, the greater part of the officials, the police and the army of all ranks, in addition to the peasantry and the professional, commercial and industrial classes. But the number of people who are prepared to take part in any active measures for obtaining a better system is no greater than the number of those who are themselves qualified and entitled to be at the head of the movement.

No Accepted Leader.

There is no leader with whose leadership anyone else is content. The population is dissatisfied with the existing state of things, but has not the faintest notion of how to set about improving it. The so-called intellectuals who figure as the leaders of the various reform parties do not possess the respectability or even the admiring respect of the people at large. Professors, however learned and able, do not lead great popular movements, and as yet there is no one else to lead.

There are many eminent and highly qualified Egyptologists, collectors, philologists, philologists, astronomers, jurists, physiologists and geologists in Russia, and an immense number of students of these and other abstruse sciences, every one of whom has a theory of his own as to the kind of constitution which would be most agreeable and convenient for Russia; when the time comes for a constitution to be established.

Trepoff a Positive Power.

Similarly in other parts of the world there are large numbers of amiable and respectable people who find a pleasing solace for their poverty in rocking-chair speculation as to what they would do with \$10,000 a year if ever they should have such a fortune left them. The most practical of the Russian reformers, as far as I have been able to observe, are those who look to the benevolence and good will of the autocrat for some amelioration of the evils of autocracy.

That the czar, if he live and continue to reign, will grant prudent concessions of civil liberty to his people is generally conceded, and when they come to vote, however little authority at first their votes may carry, their vague discontent will begin to crystallize into clear ideas of what they want and how they propose to get it. When that has happened a leader may emerge, and things may begin to march.

But even if the only man I know of in Russia who knows just how he wants to do it, and knows just how he proposes to do it, and with a clear purpose before him, throws himself with energy and capacity into its achievement, is General Trepoff.

Reformers are in the talking stage in Russia at present. If General Trepoff had happened to be born a revolutionist the reform movement might have taken a more practical shape.

CHARLES E. HANDS.

CARDINAL GETS DEED FOR FOOT OF GROUND

Transaction Completes Arrangements for Erecting New Church of the Holy Comforter.

Cardinal Gibbons yesterday acquired possession of one linear foot of ground at the southwest corner of Fourteenth and East Capitol streets. The property is adjoining that upon which the Church of the Holy Comforter is erected. The consideration named in the deed of conveyance is \$200.

The property in question, which is one of the smallest real estate transactions on record in the District of Columbia, was secured by Cardinal Gibbons in order to complete the arrangements for the construction of the new church building. Services are now held in a temporary building on a short while an imposing church building will be erected.

Father J. J. McGuire, pastor of the Church of the Holy Comforter, explained that this small piece of property was purchased to complete the church grounds. It is right to the party wall of the building adjoining the church property.

BRITISH PIT PONIES AS GERMAN TABLE FOOD

The mystery of what happens to the old horses that leave this country for the Continent was explained in the House of Commons the other day by Lord Percy, in answer to a question put by Mr. Cremer.

In the Netherlands, he said, horses imported for slaughter purposes must be slaughtered in public slaughter houses. It is guaranteed that only sound meat is offered for public consumption.

In Belgium large numbers of horses (chiefly those which have been used in coal mines) are imported from Grimsby, Hull and other ports on the east coast of England, to Antwerp. When intended for human consumption they are slaughtered in public slaughter houses and sold by butchers who only deal in horse flesh. Horse flesh does not appear to be made into meat extract in Belgium, but sausages for local consumption are manufactured. No horse flesh, except a few live animals, is exported to the United Kingdom.

No export of horse flesh to the United States takes place from Hamburg. It is believed, from other German ports, such flesh being easily recognized, more especially as an horse flesh is indelibly stamped on inspection with the word "Pferd." The larger part of the horses imported from the United Kingdom appear to have been not for slaughter, but for riding and driving. About 130,000 horses a year are slaughtered in Germany, and as regards Hamburg a certain number are consumed by human beings, some being used at the zoological gardens, and some five or six from 12 to 16 per pound; sausages from 12 to 16 per pound.—London Chronicle.

PLAYGROUNDS ADVANCING FAST

Churches Now Planning to Make Contributions.

IDEA IS A POPULAR ONE

General Reply to Help Project Which to All Appearances Appeals to Many.

Since the first annual of The Times for contributions to the fund for the public playgrounds in operation in Washington under the auspices of the Associated Charities \$150 has been received by The Times and turned over to the proper committees. This is exclusive of the \$50 subscription which accompanied the first appeal made by The Times on Friday, July 1.

This shows an average daily contribution of \$17 which has passed through the office of The Times.

In addition to these amounts, contributions have come direct to Dr. Henry S. Curtis, chairman of the playgrounds committee, amounting to nearly \$100. This leaves approximately \$2,000 still to be collected from the Washington public before the necessary \$5,000 is secured.

From Congress the Associated Charities received an appropriation last year of \$2,000 for maintenance of the playgrounds, while the School Board gave \$1,500 for the same purpose. It was estimated that at least \$3,500 would be needed in addition to the funds the Associated Charities had in hand for the use of the playgrounds committee, and the committee set about collecting \$5,000 by subscription.

Church Will Help.

The early efforts of the committee met with great success, but before its collections reached the \$4,000 mark the subscriptions began falling off materially for reasons the committee is unable to account for. Attention is now being turned to the churches, and it was learned at the offices of the committee today that the Calvary Baptist Church has promised a contribution of \$75. Other churches are showing interest, and several have already contributed small sums with promises of larger ones.

With the continuation of small contributions that have been coming in steadily at The Times office, and the help of interested persons in the Government departments, the playgrounds committee hopes to raise the necessary amount before the end of August.

The following is the list of subscriptions received up to date in answer to The Times' appeal: